

DAREDEVIL

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DAREDEVIL®

FIGHTING MAD

AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM!

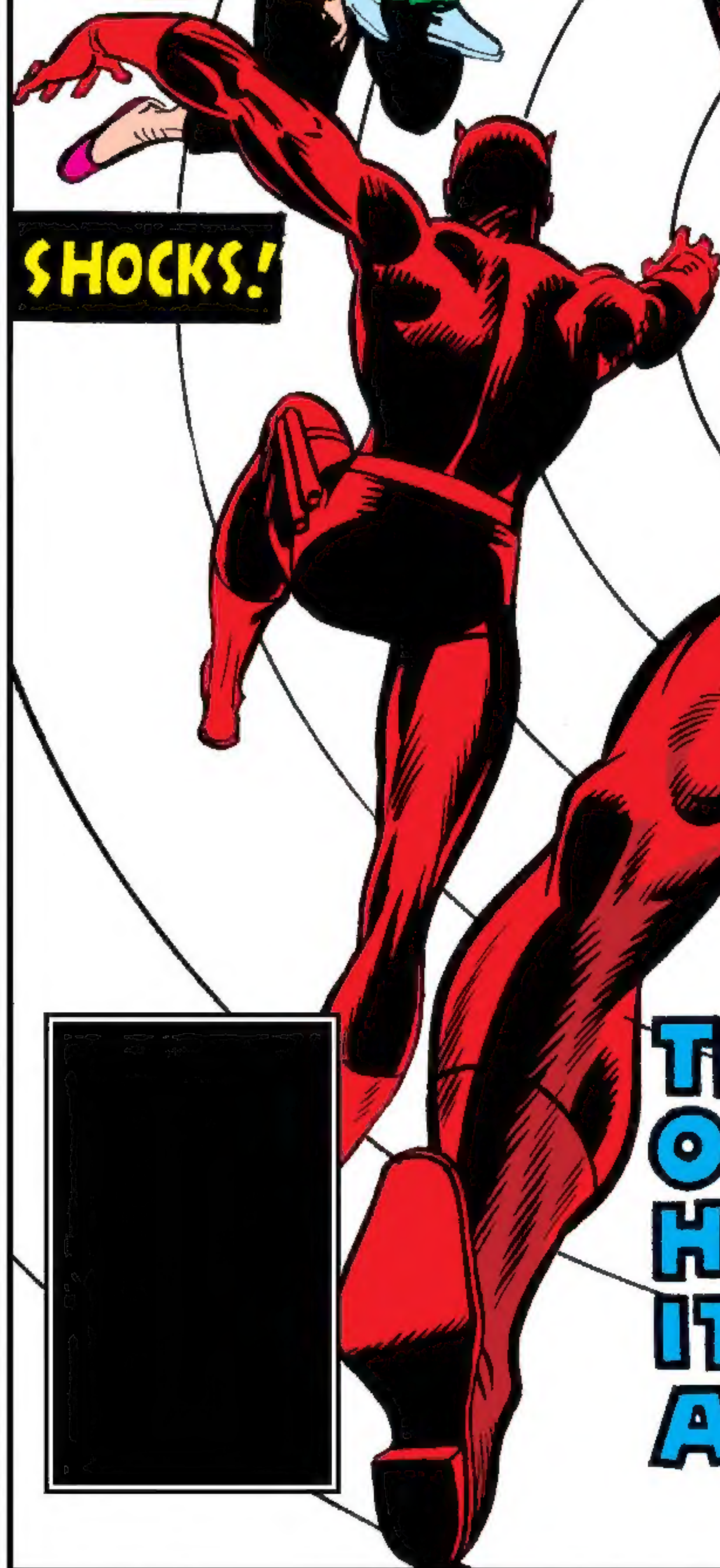
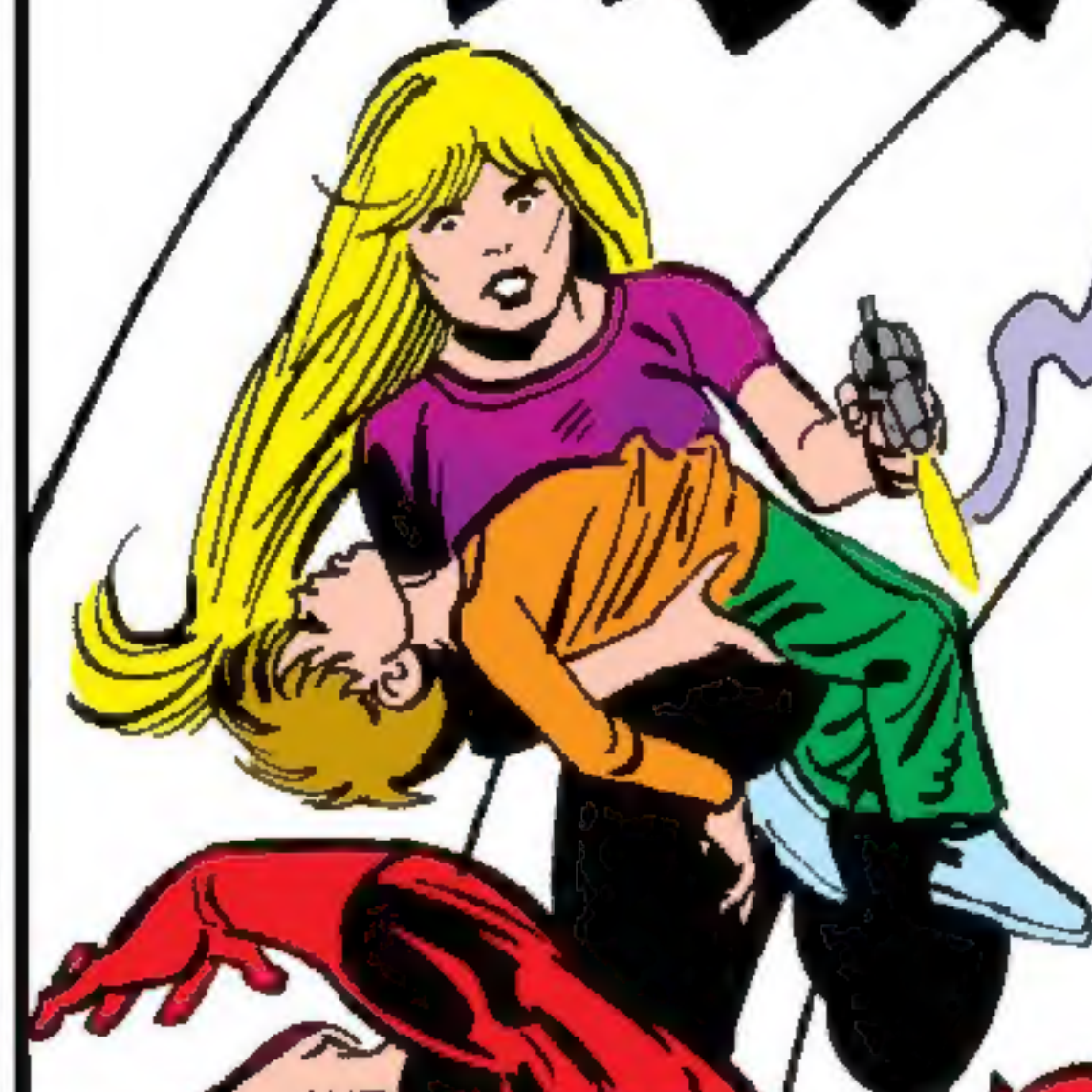
THIS IS IT!
THE MOST
**ACTION-
PACKED**
SAGA EVER!

SHOCKS!

DANGER!

ADVENTURE!

**THIS
ONE
HAS
IT
ALL!**



He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

MARV WOLFMAN / SAL BUSCEMA / JIM MOONEY / JOHN COSTANZA / MICHELE WOLFMAN / IRV FORBUSH
WRITER / EDITOR / GUEST ARTIST / EMBELLISHER / letterer / colorist / consultant

A NIGHT IN THE LIFE...



BESIDES, I JUST REMEMBERED THAT I **HAVEN'T** ALL THAT TIME FOR REST AND RELAXATION.

I PROMISED HEATHER I'D **LOOK** INTO THAT MATTER OF HER **FATHER...**

... AND LEARN IF HE REALLY **IS** INVOLVED WITH CRIMINALS, OR IF HE'S BEING **SET UP** AS FALL-GUY BY HIS **ASSOCIATES!**

AND ONCE YOU PROMISE **ANYTHING** TO MY DELIGHTFUL MISS GLENN, YOU'D **BEST** KEEP THAT PROMISE...

...OR SUFFER **FATAL EXPOSURE** TO THE **COLDEST** STARE THIS WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

FACE IT, MATTHEW YOU'RE **HOOKED** ON THAT LITTLE LADY, AND MEETING **KAREN PAGE** PROVED THAT TO YOU. *

YOUR FEELINGS FOR KAREN ARE STRICTLY **PLA-TONIC**, AND HEATHER'S **NO** STAND-IN FOR SOME LOST LOVE --SHE'S THE **REAL THING!**

OH, WELL, ABOUT AN HOUR'S REST, THEN BACK TO ACTION.

* LAST 15H. --MW

IT MAY BE AN EVEN **SHORTER** REST THAN MATTHEW MURDOCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EXPECTS. FOR, **ACROSS** TOWN, AT THE 25TH STREET **CLINIC...**

DOCTOR! OH, LORD... PLEASE HELP ME... I NEED A **DOCTOR**. I NEED HELP!

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, MISS. DR. BARRET IS **BUSY** NOW.

I **CAN'T** WAIT. I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM **NOW!**

DOCTOR BARRET! THANK THE LORD. I HAVE TO--

YOUNG WOMAN, I HAVE **OTHER** PATIENTS HERE BEFORE YOU. PLEASE WAIT YOUR TURN.

BUT IT'S NOT FOR ME, DOCTOR. IT'S MY SON... HE'S **GONE!** HE RAN AWAY.

THAT'S FOR THE **POLICE**, MISS. NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND...

YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND! MY SON'S A **HEMOPHILIAC... A BLEEDER!**

WHEN I CALLED THE POLICE, THEY SAID THEY **COULDN'T** BEGIN LOOKING FOR HIM FOR HOURS.

BUT IF HE'S **CUT...** IF HE **SCRAPES** HIMSELF, HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE. HE'LL **BLEED TO DEATH!**

I'M AHEAD OF YOU. JUST SIT BACK...

...WHILE I CHECK WHAT'S **SLOWING DOWN** NEW YORK'S FINEST, BESIDES THEIR WELL-PUBLICIZED **PAYROLL CUTS!**

SERGEANT? THIS IS DR. BARRET FROM THE **CLINIC**. I HAVE AN **HYSTERICAL** PATIENT HERE... SAYS HERE SON RAN OFF...

...AND THAT **AL-THOUGH** SHE TOLD YOU HE IS A **HEMOPHILIAC**, YOU SAID YOU CAN'T SEARCH FOR HIM NOW.

IS THAT THE **TRUTH**, SERGEANT?



YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT, DOC. WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS HERE RIGHT UP TO OUR DANDRUFF.

THERE'S A MAD BOMBER OUT THERE--BLOWING UP A BUILDING EVERY HALF HOUR!

ALL OUR AVAILABLE MEN ARE SEARCHING FOR HIM.



AND IN THE MEANTIME, A SMALL CHILD CAN GO HANG FOR ALL YOU CARE?

I'M SORRY, DOC. I REALLY AM. BUT I DON'T MAKE THE RULES.

NO, SERGEANT. I CAN'T ACCEPT THAT.

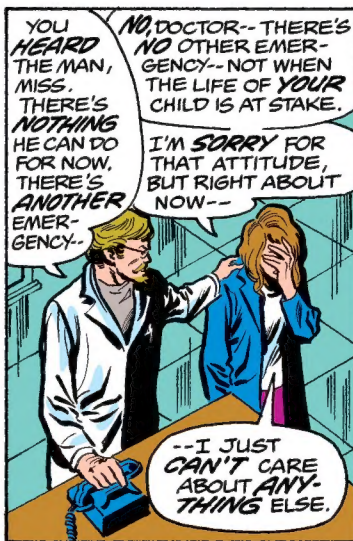
I WISH I DID. I MEAN, I GOT KIDS MYSELF. BUT PLEASE TAKE IT UP WITH THE COMMISSIONER.



AND IF THAT BRINGS NO RESULTS? THEN WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, SERGEANT?

THEN I SUGGEST YOU PRAY.

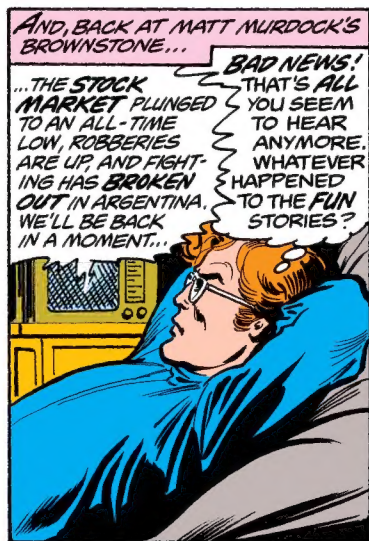
THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE DOING, DOC.



NO, DOCTOR-- THERE'S NO OTHER EMERGENCY-- NOT WHEN THE LIFE OF YOUR CHILD IS AT STAKE.

I'M SORRY FOR THAT ATTITUDE, BUT RIGHT ABOUT NOW--

--I JUST CAN'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE.



AND, BACK AT MATT MURDOCK'S BROWNSTONE...

...THE STOCK MARKET PLUNGED TO AN ALL-TIME LOW, ROBBERIES ARE UP, AND FIGHTING HAS BROKEN OUT IN ARGENTINA. WE'LL BE BACK IN A MOMENT...

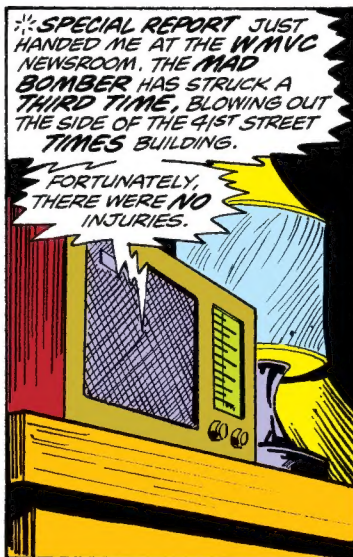
BAD NEWS! THAT'S ALL YOU SEEM TO HEAR ANYMORE. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE FUN STORIES?



I GUESS THEY WENT OUT WITH SILENT MOVIES.

WELL, AT LEAST THESE NEWS ITEMS AREN'T BEING CREATED BY THE JESTER.

THEN AGAIN, HIS REPORTS WERE PHONY-- THIS BAD NEWS WILL LINGER LIKE THE SMELL OF ROTTEN EGGS.



*SPECIAL REPORT JUST HANDED ME AT THE W.M.V.C. NEWSROOM. THE MAD BOMBER HAS STRUCK A THIRD TIME, BLOWING OUT THE SIDE OF THE 41ST STREET TIMES BUILDING.

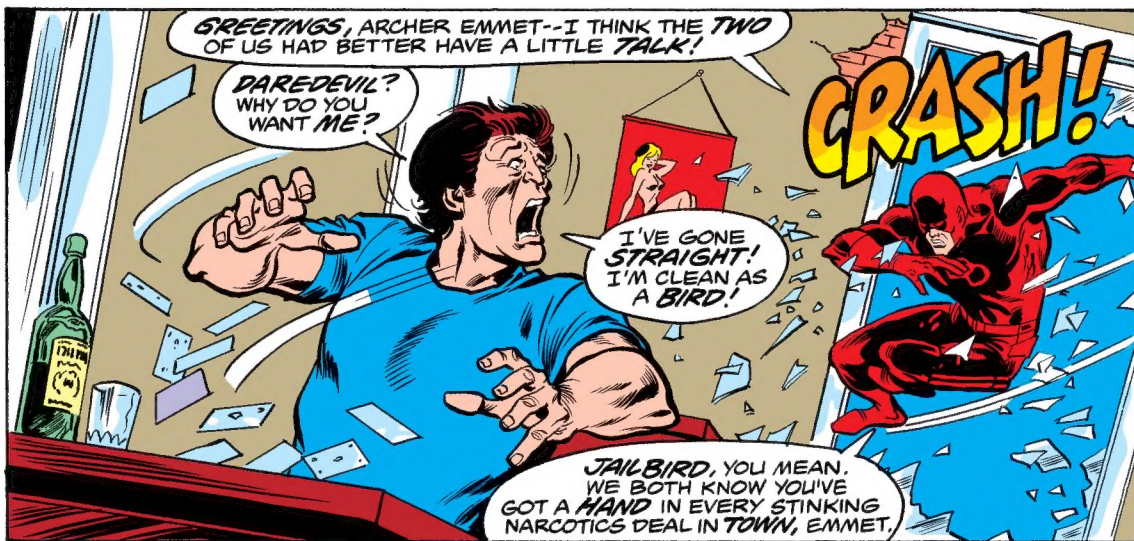
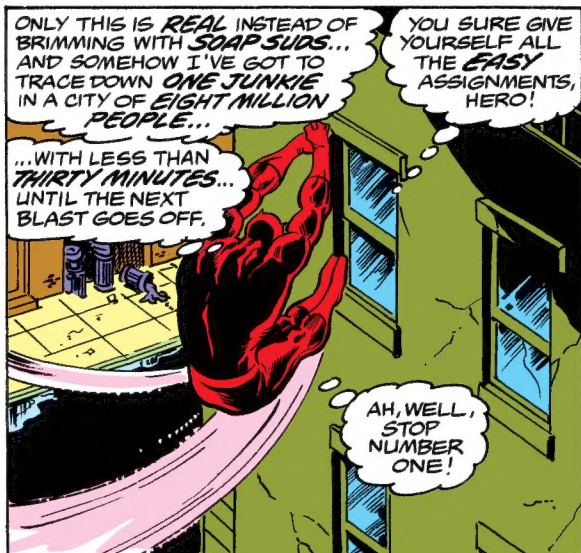
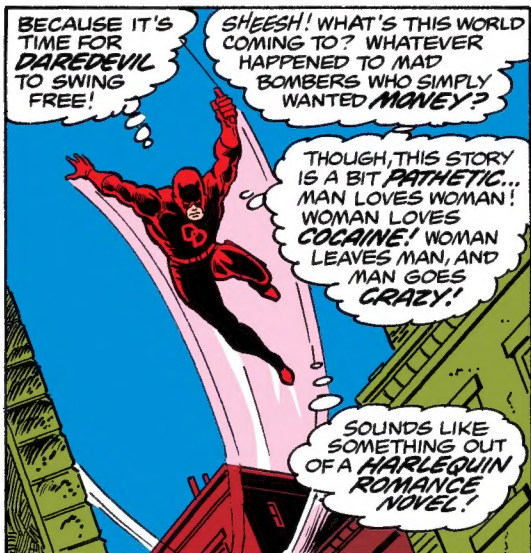
FORTUNATELY, THERE WERE NO INJURIES.



BUT THE BOMBER INSISTS HE WILL CONTINUE THESE HALF-HOUR BLASTS UNTIL THE CITY FINDS HIS WIFE FOR HIM...

...A RUNAWAY DRUG ADDICT NAMED JOYCE HILLARY. SHE HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM IN THREE DAYS, AND POLICE ARE FRANTICALLY SEARCHING FOR HER.

OBOY! THERE GOES ANY POSSIBLE REST FOR MIGHTY MATT MURDOCK.



SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE TOO **SCARED** TO BE PLAYING GAMES, ARCHER.

SO I WANT YOU TO GET ON THE **PHONE**, CALL YOUR SLIMY FRIENDS, AND TELL THEM TO PUT A **LOOK OUT** FOR HER.

AND IF I FIND OUT YOU'RE **LYING** TO ME, BETTER SEND OUT FOR A COUPLE **THOUSAND** BAND-AIDES FOR YOUR FACE.

YOU'LL **NEED** THEM.

I **HATE** PUTTING ON THE TOUGH-GUY ACT, BUT THOSE CRUDS **NEED** IT, OR THEY **WOULDN'T** RAISE A FINGER TO SAVE THEIR GRAND-MOTHERS!

WISH I COULD PUT THEM OUT OF BUSINESS FOR **GOOD**, BUT UNLESS I HAVE HARD FACTS, THOSE CLOWNS WILL ESCAPE **SCOTT FREE**, THEN SLAP A **DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER** LAW SUIT RIGHT BACK ON ME!

AND SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK EVEN **MATT MURDOCK** WOULD BE ABLE TO STOP **THAT** WRIT FROM GOING THROUGH.

GOTTA DO IT... GOTTA MAKE THAT **CALL**. I SEEN WHAT DD CAN DO WHEN HE WANTS TO.

HANG BIG MAX AND HIS GANG. I GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR **NUMERO UNO!**

EDDIE...? YOU THERE? THIS IS **ARCHER**! LISTEN, I GOTTA GET THE **WORD** OUT TO THE STREET MEN.

BUT, EVEN AS ARCHER EMMETS' PLEA WORMS THROUGH THE GRAPE-VINE...

SL-SLATE--? IS THAT **YOU?**

IT'S M-ME... **JOYCE!**

YEAH, DOLL. I CAN **SEE** THAT.

BUT I **DON'T** SEE NO BREAD!

AND YOU DON'T GET NO **SMACK** UNLESS YOU LAY **BREAD** ON ME, DOLL.

YOU GET WHERE I'M **COMIN'** FROM?

I-I'LL GET YOU THE MONEY, SLATE. I **SWEAR** TO YOU I WILL.

JUST GIVE ME SOME **TIME**. BUT I NEED MY **FIX** NOW. I **CAN'T** WAIT FOR THAT.

NO BREAD, NO BAG!

I RUN A **BUSINESS**, NOT A CHARITY. COMPREND?

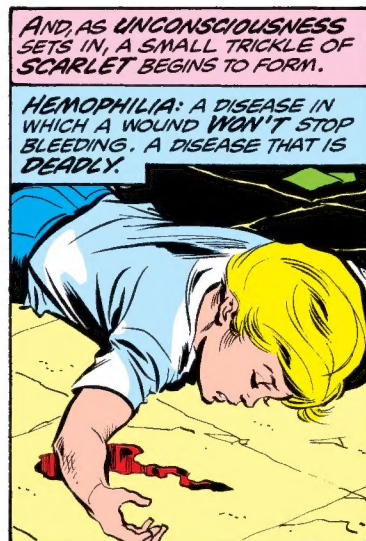
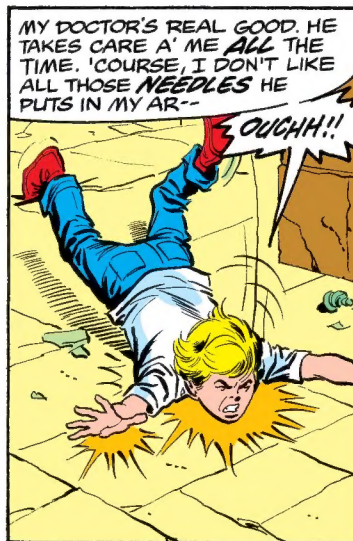
Y-YEAH, I UNDERSTAND, AND I'LL **GET** YOU THE MONEY... RIGHT AWAY.

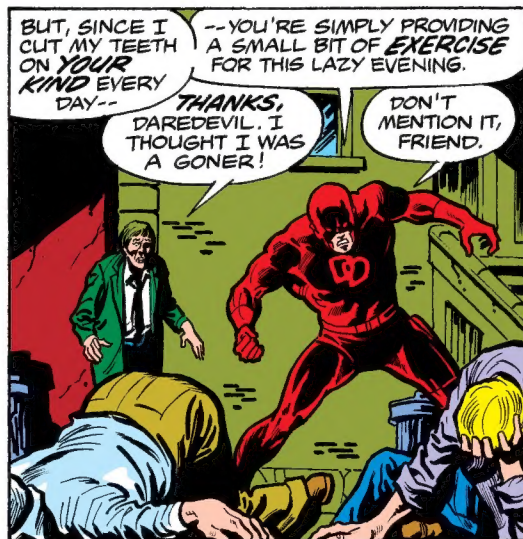
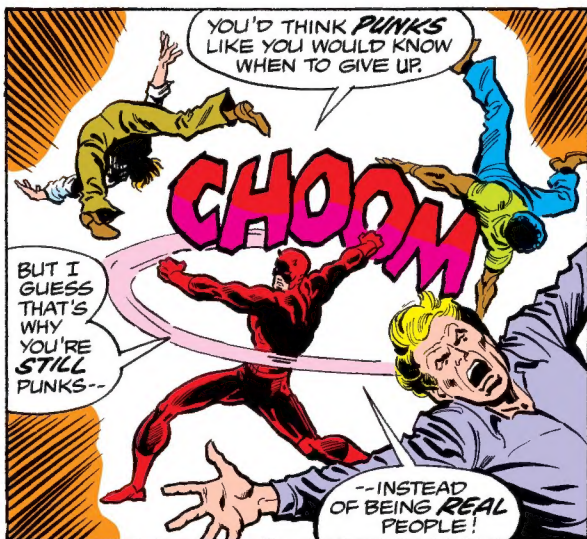
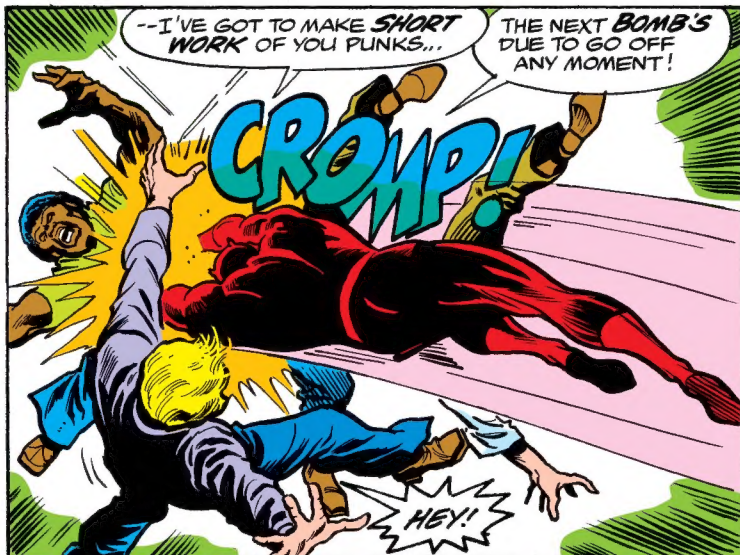
BUT **PLEASE** DON'T GO AWAY. **PLEASE!**

SURE, DOLL, THAT'S WHAT THEY **ALL** SAY.

YOU **KNOW** WHERE TO FIND ME WHEN YOU WIN THE **LOT-TERY**, DOLL.

SEEEYA THEN!





ONE MINUTE TO GO, AND STILL NO LUCK. I'D BETTER...

KRA-BOOM

SONUVAGUN! HE'S EARLY!

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE, IT'S A MAD BOMBER WITH A FAST WATCH!

ALL RIGHT, HERO. LET'S RUSH TO IT!

THERE SHE IS! AND MY RADAR SENSES INDICATE A MASSIVE HOLE BLOWN OUT OF THE BUILDING'S SIDE.

AND-- HOLD IT! OVER THE SOUND OF THE CROWD BELOW ME...

SOMEONE'S CRYING FOR HELP!

OMIGOSH! THERE'S A MAN-- DANGLING THERE. HE MUST HAVE SAVED HIMSELF AT THE LAST MOMENT.

HIS PULSE IS RISING... HEART POUNDING FASTER! HE CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER!

HELP! HELP!

C'MON, HORNHEAD-- DO YOUR STUFF! THERE'S A LIFE ON THE LINE!

YAGHH!

CAN'T MAKE IT... HE'S FALLING TOO FAST!

C'MON, HERO-- STRETCH, BLAST IT-- STRETCH!

WAIT! HIS ARM'S JUST BELOW MINE. JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE--

GOT HIM!

RELAX, PAL. YOU'RE SAFE, IF NOT SOUND.

I SAW THAT, DD, AND I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT.

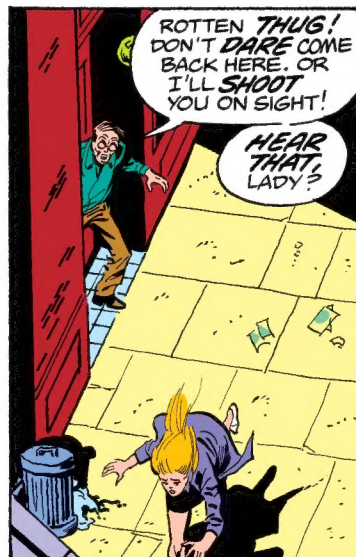
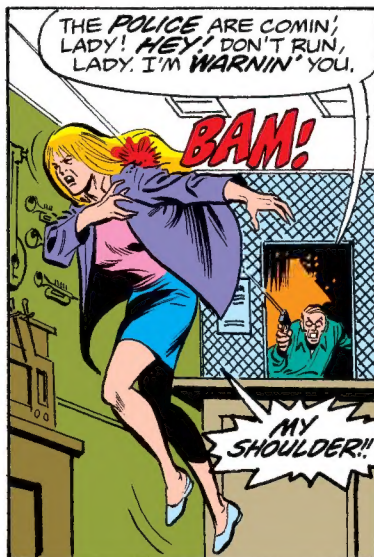
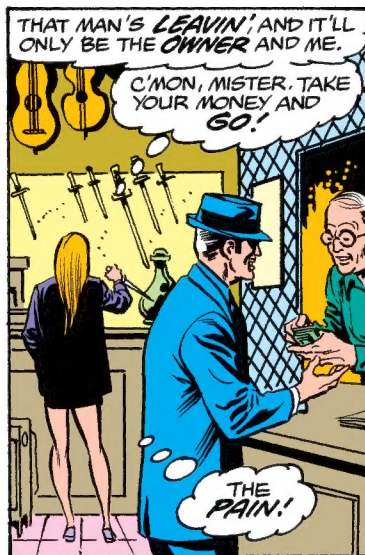
I WISH THERE WERE A THOUSAND OF YOU ON THE FORCE.

THANKS, OFFICER-- BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY CLUES? DID ANYONE SEE THE BOMBER!?

I-I'M ALIVE! TH-THANKS, DARE-DEVIL. THANKS! WOW! I'M ALIVE!

NO ONE, DD. BUT FORTUNATELY, NO ONE WAS HURT.

HOWEVER, SEVERAL STREETS AWAY, A SMALL BOY LIES UNCONSCIOUS.





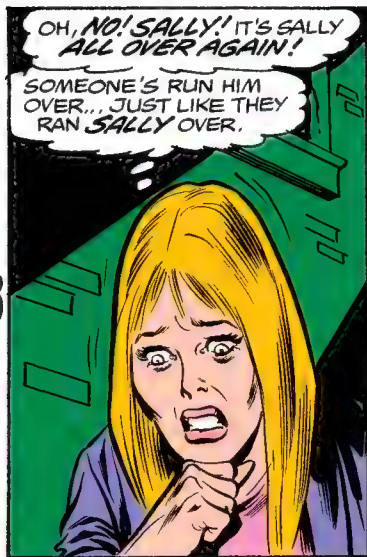
MAYBE I SHOULDN'T 'VE RUN AWAY FROM FRANK! LORD, HE WAS **ANGRY** WHEN I LEFT.

AN' I ALWAYS GOT MY **MONEY** FROM HIM.

I NEVER HAD PAIN WHEN **HE** WAS WITH ME.

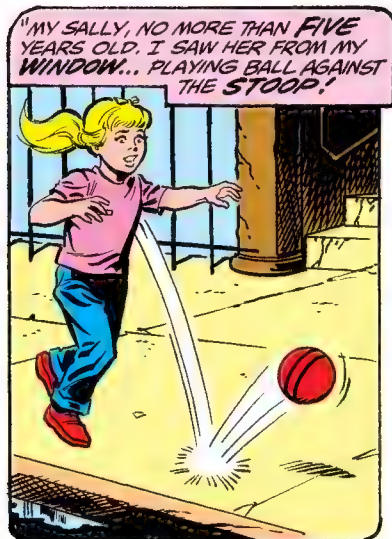
MAYBE I SHOULD GO **BACK**. MAYBE I SHOULD-- **HUH?**

A **KID!** HE LOOKS **DEAD!**



OH, **NO! SALLY!** IT'S **SALLY** **ALL** OVER AGAIN!

SOMEONE'S RUN HIM OVER... JUST LIKE THEY RAN **SALLY** OVER.

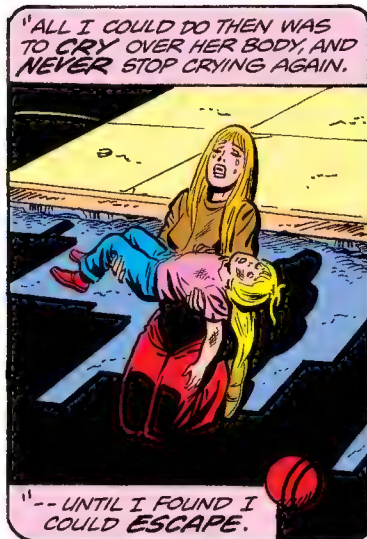


"MY **SALLY**, NO MORE THAN **FIVE** YEARS OLD. I SAW HER FROM MY **WINDOW...** PLAYING BALL AGAINST THE **STOOP!**"



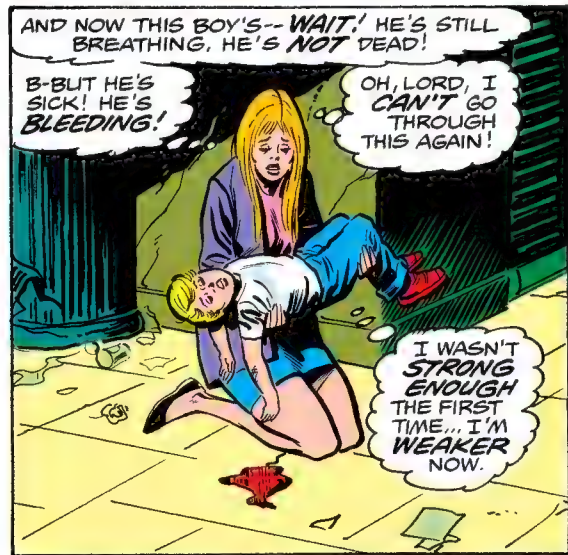
"BUT THE BALL BOUNCED **OVER** HER, AND SHE RAN INTO THE STREET AFTER IT. SHE **CHASED** IT..."

"...AND THE CAR NEVER EVEN **STOPPED!**"



"ALL I COULD DO THEN WAS TO **CRY** OVER HER BODY, AND **NEVER** STOP CRYING AGAIN.

"-- UNTIL I FOUND I COULD **ESCAPE**."

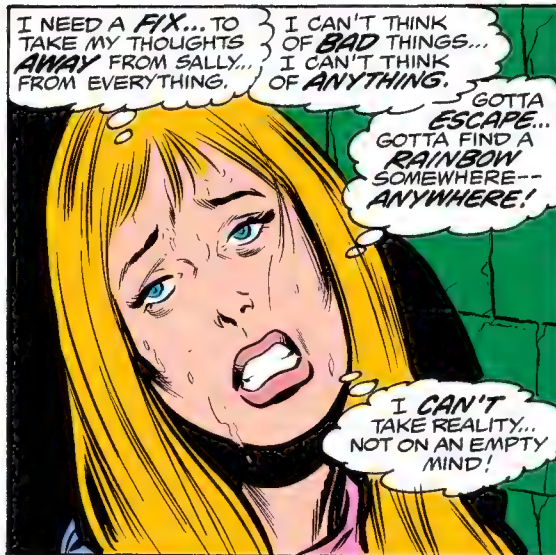


AND NOW THIS BOY'S-- **WAIT!** HE'S STILL BREATHING, HE'S **NOT** DEAD!

B-BUT HE'S **SICK!** HE'S **BLEEDING!**

OH, LORD, I **CAN'T** GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN!

I WASN'T **STRONG** ENOUGH THE FIRST TIME... I'M **WEAKER** NOW.



I NEED A **FIX...** TO TAKE MY THOUGHTS **AWAY** FROM **SALLY...** FROM EVERYTHING.

I CAN'T THINK OF **BAD** THINGS... I CAN'T THINK OF **ANYTHING**.

-- GOTTA **ESCAPE...** GOTTA FIND A **RAINBOW** SOMEWHERE-- **ANYWHERE!**

I **CAN'T** TAKE REALITY... NOT ON AN **EMPTY** MIND!

MEANWHILE... THIS PLACE IS INFESTED WITH HOP HEADS!

JAKE CONOVER WAS RIGHT! *

* DD. MET CONOVER IN #131.--MW

THEY'RE ALL TRYING TO ESCAPE REALITY. THEY CAN'T ACCEPT THE FACT THE WORLD ISN'T ALL SWEETNESS AND LIGHT!

--BUT I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO--

AT TIMES LIKE THIS, ALL MY MUSCLES AND RADAR SENSES AREN'T WORTH BEANS!

BUT I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE SOURCE, AND IF CONOVER WAS COMPLETELY RIGHT--

--THERE SHOULD BE SOME JUNK DEALER'S BEHIND THAT DOOR.

LOOK! IT'S HEROMAN!

CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, HEROMAN?

BINGO! FOUR HEARTBEATS, AND THE SMELL OF SMACK IS EVERYWHERE.

AND THEY'VE SUDDENLY JUMPED OFF THE GRAPH.

KRASH!

DAREDEVIL???

I HEARD HE WAS HUNTIN' US DOWN!

DON'T KNOW WHY HE ISN'T BUGGIN' THEM SUPER-DUDES, BUT WE AIN'T GONNA BE HIS NEW FALL-GUYS.

WASTE 'IM!!

BAM

BLAM

BA-DAM

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S DODGIN' THROUGH THE BULLETS.

STUPID! NO MAN CAN DO THAT! YER JUST MISSIN' HIM!

SPANG!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, FLAKEY-- NO MAN CAN DO THIS TOO LONG.

BUT I'VE GOT MY RADAR SENSES TO GIVE ME ENOUGH WARNING AS TO WHERE YOUR BULLETS ARE COMING FROM... AND MY REFLEXES TO MAKE SURE I MOVE OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME.

WAP!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, FLAKE-- BUT YOUR GOONS' AIM IS JUST FINE!

THE PROBLEM IS WITH YOUR **BULLETS!**

YOU JUST **CAN'T** DO MUCH DAMAGE WHEN THEY'RE MADE OUT OF **PAPER!**

LIKE YOUR **HEADS** ARE! HEY--**YOU!** I'M TALKING TO YOU. DON'T RUN AWAY!

PONG!

SKUD!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU RED-MENACE!

NOW YOU'VE **DONE** IT! YOU'VE **REALLY** INSULTED ME!

CALLING ME A **RED MENACE** IN THE YEAR OF OUR **BICENTENNIAL**.

I'M AS **LOYAL** AS YOU.

COME TO THINK OF IT--TAKE **THAT** BACK.

NOW THEN, CREEP, I SUGGEST YOU CALL YOUR **DIAPER BRIGADE OFF** WHILE WE TALK.

OR WOULD YOU PREFER A **DISLOCATED SHOULDER?**

I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK! LET ME ALONE! DON'T HURT ME!

BACK OFF, BOYS. PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS.

HE JUST WANTS TO TALK.

NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, I WANT **INFORMATION**.

THE MAD BOMBER'S WIFE-- SHE'S AN **ADDICT**.

AND I WANT TO FIND HER--**NOW!**

YEAH, WE KNOW! THE WORD'S GONE OUT OVER THE GRAPE-VINE.

BUT I AIN'T HEARD FROM NO ONE, YET.

ALL THE STREET MEN HAVEN'T **REPORTED** IN.

I **HAVEN'T** MUCH TIME, CREEP.

AT **MIDNIGHT** HE'S SETTING OFF HIS **BIG BLAST!**

THE **GRAND-DADDY** OF ALL BOMBS. WE'VE ONLY **ONE HOUR** LEFT. SO YOU'D BETTER LEARN SOMETHING **FAST!**

Y-YEAH! WE UNDERSTAND.



YOU BETTER, CREEP...

BECAUSE IF YOU **FAIL** ME, I'LL COME BACK AND **GET** YOU--

--AND YOU **WON'T** WANT TO LOOK IN A MIRROR FOR A YEAR!

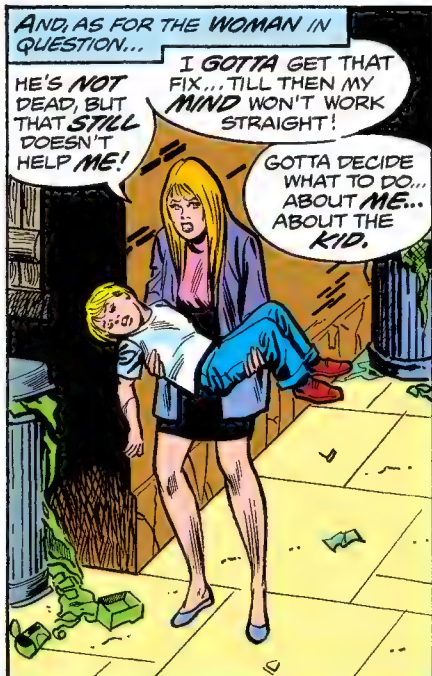
BE SEEING YOU... **PUNK!**



AND, AS DAREDEVIL LEAVES THE SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING...

...A LATE ANNOUNCEMENT JUST HANDED ME. THE **LATEST** BOMB HAS JUST EXPLODED IN THE BUSY **SHOPPING** AREA OF NEW YORK, THOUGH, MIRACULOUSLY, STILL NO ONE HAS BEEN HURT.

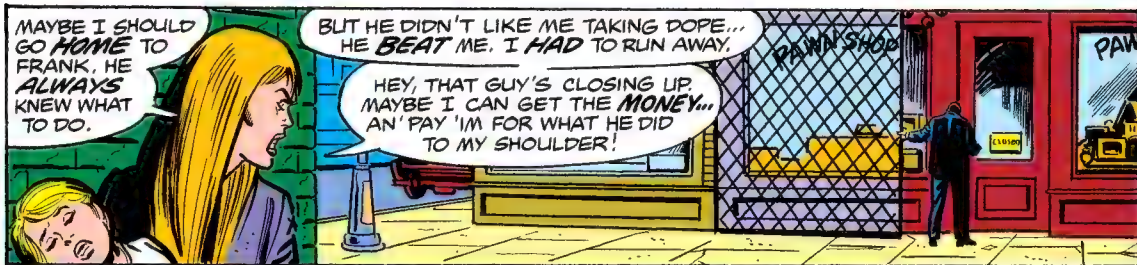
ANYONE WITH **KNOWLEDGE** OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MAD BOMBER'S WIFE IS REQUESTED TO CALL THIS **SPECIAL** NUMBER...



AND, AS FOR THE WOMAN IN QUESTION... HE'S **NOT** DEAD, BUT THAT **STILL** DOESN'T HELP ME!

I **GOTTA** GET THAT FIX... TILL THEN MY **MIND** WON'T WORK STRAIGHT!

GOTTA DECIDE WHAT TO DO... ABOUT **ME**... ABOUT THE **KID**.



MAYBE I SHOULD GO **HOME** TO FRANK. HE **ALWAYS** KNEW WHAT TO DO.

BUT HE DIDN'T LIKE ME TAKING **DOPE**... HE **BEAT** ME. I **HAD** TO RUN AWAY.

HEY, THAT GUY'S CLOSING UP. MAYBE I CAN GET THE **MONEY**... AN 'PAY 'IM FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY SHOULDER!



YOU'RE **NOT** CLOSIN' UP, YET.

DOWN YOU GO, FINK.

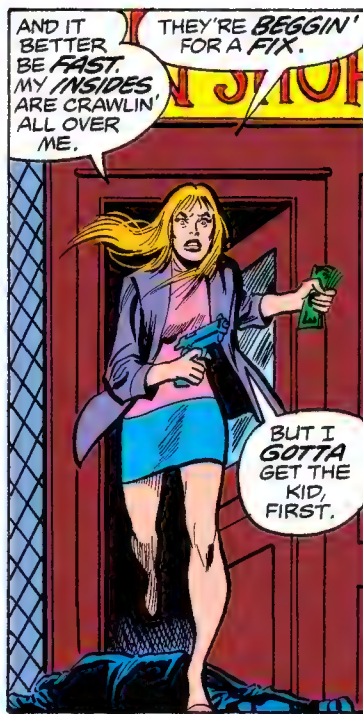
GLUD!



GOT THE **MONEY**, AND THE GUN.

JUST IN **CASE**.

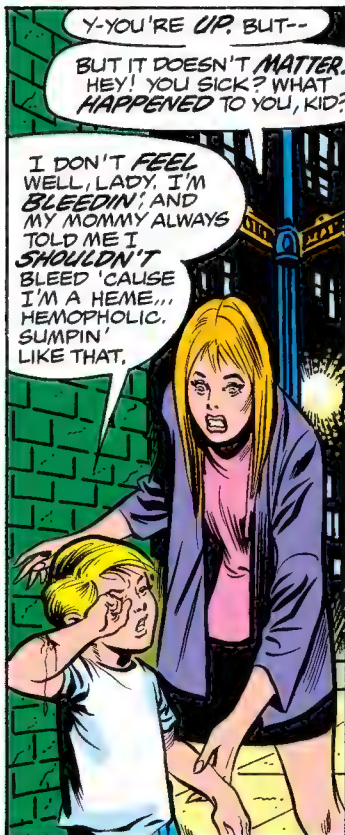
NOW I **GOTTA** FIND **SLATE**.



AND IT BETTER BE **FAST**. MY **INSIDES** ARE CRAWLIN' ALL OVER ME.

THEY'RE **BEGGIN'** FOR A **FIX**.

BUT I **GOTTA** GET THE **KID**, FIRST.



Y-YOU'RE UP, BUT--

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER.
HEY! YOU SICK? WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU, KID?

I DON'T FEEL
WELL, LADY, I'M
BLEEDIN'; AND
MY MOMMY ALWAYS
TOLD ME I
SHOULDN'T
BLEED 'CAUSE
I'M A HEME...
HEMOPHOLIC.
SUMPIN'
LIKE THAT.



I'M TAKIN'
YOU WITH ME,
KID, AND I'LL
GET YOU
BETTER.

FIRST, I GOTTA
GET MYSELF
BETTER...
BEFORE MY
GUTS GIVE
OUT.

B-BUT I'M
STILL
BLEEDIN'...

AND MOMMY
SAYS
THAT'S
REAL BAD!



I'M YOUR
MOMMY NOW,
AND I'LL TAKE
CARE OF YOU.

AFTER
I GET MY
FIX.

YOU
SICK TOO,
LADY? MAYBE
WE CAN
BOTH
GO TO A
DOCTOR.
MY MOMMY
ALWAYS
SAYS...



WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT
LATER, KID.

SLATE?
I-I GOT THE
MONEY FOR
YOU.

YOU?
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING HERE?

THE WHOLE
BLASTED CITY'S
LOOKIN' FOR
YOU?

HAVEN'T
YOU
HEARD...?



YOUR OLD MAN WENT CRAZY
WHEN YOU LEFT HIM... HE'S
BOMBING EVERYTHING
IN SIGHT.

AND I'VE GOT
TO TURN YOU
IN.

DON'T GIVE
ME THAT,
SLATE. I GOT
THE MONEY.
I GOT THE
GUN.

ALL I WANT
IS A FIX. GET
ME IT NOW!



SURE, SURE, LITTLE GIRL.
I'VE GOT IT RIGHT HERE.

--WAITIN' FOR YOU,
LIKE I SAID BEFORE.

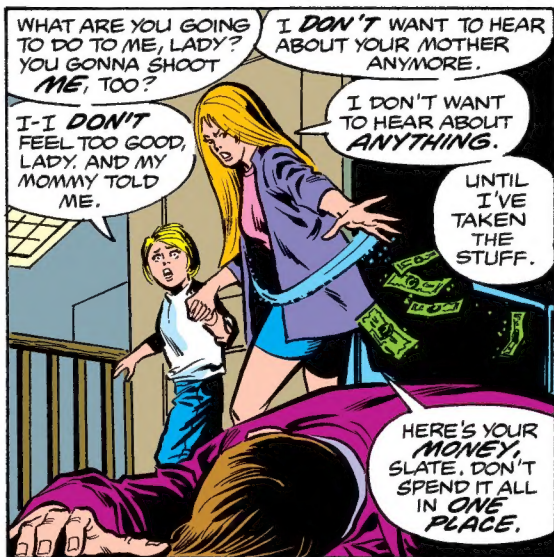
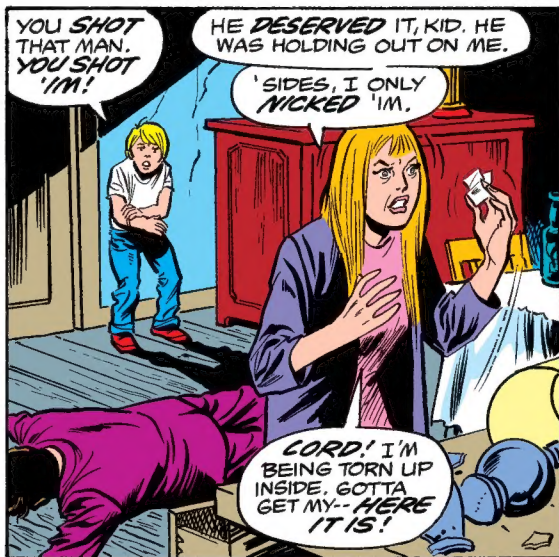
SO, PUT YOUR
PIECE AWAY,
OKAY, DOLL?



YOU'RE NOT
FOOLIN' ME,
SLATE,
AND YOU'RE
NOT TAKIN'
ME NO-
WHERE,
EITHER.

I'M GETTIN'
OUTTA
THIS CITY,
AND I'M
TAKIN'
THE KID
WITH
ME.

I'M GONNA START
OVER AGAIN...
WITHOUT YOU...
WITHOUT FRANK!
WITHOUT NO ONE!



HOWEVER, MIKE SLATE IS NOT DEAD. WEAKENED, HE CRAWLS ACROSS THE ROOM. HIS SHOULDER THROBBING WITH INCESSANT PAIN.

BUT THE PAIN WILL EVENTUALLY PASS, UNLIKE THE POISON-PAIN HE SO CASUALLY HAS DEALT TO OTHERS.



HE THINKS TO HIMSELF--"HAVE TO SPEAK TO BIG MAX... TELL HIM ABOUT THE GIRL! -- GET SOMEONE HERE TO HELP ME!"



HE THINKS, AND THAT, TOO, IS MORE THAN WHAT MANY OF HIS VICTIMS CAN DO.

HE FEELS PAIN, BUT, TRUTHFULLY, IT IS NOT PAIN ENOUGH FOR WHAT HE AND COUNTLESS OTHERS LIKE HIM HAVE DONE... TO A GENERATION SEEKING A MISGUIDED TRUTH IN A SYRINGE.

SHE SHOT ME... I NEED HELP... GET SOMEONE OVER HERE.



BIG MAX "FORGETS" THAT FINAL PLEA. THERE'S JUST NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

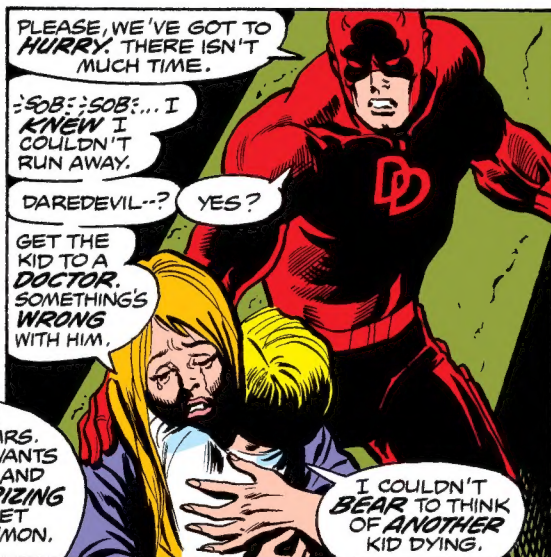
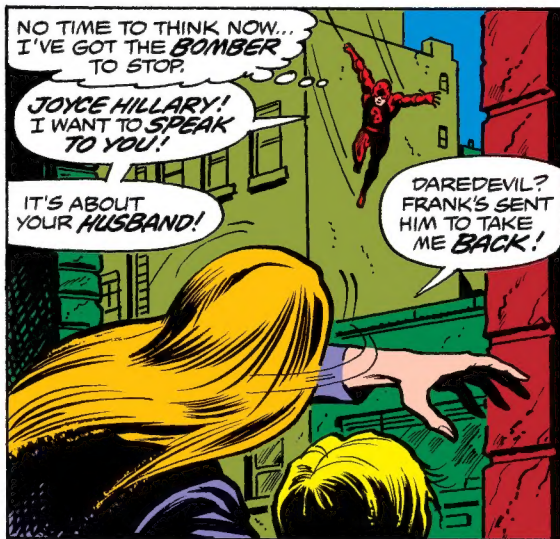
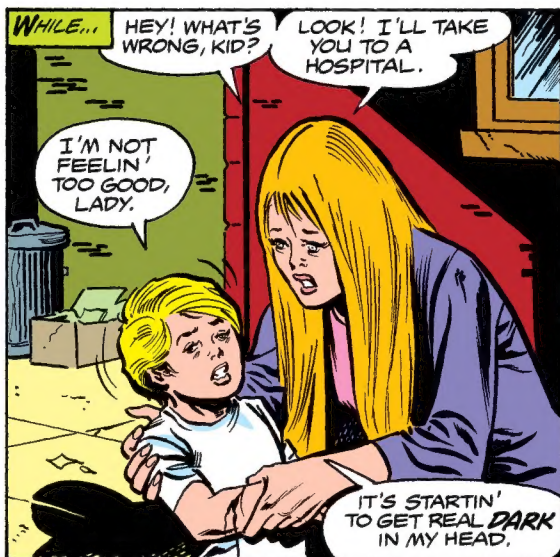


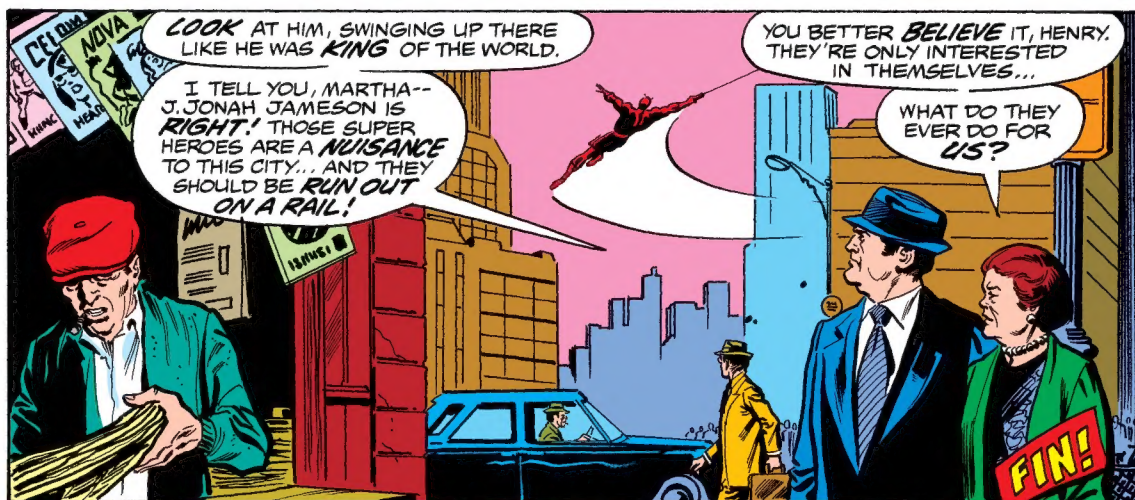
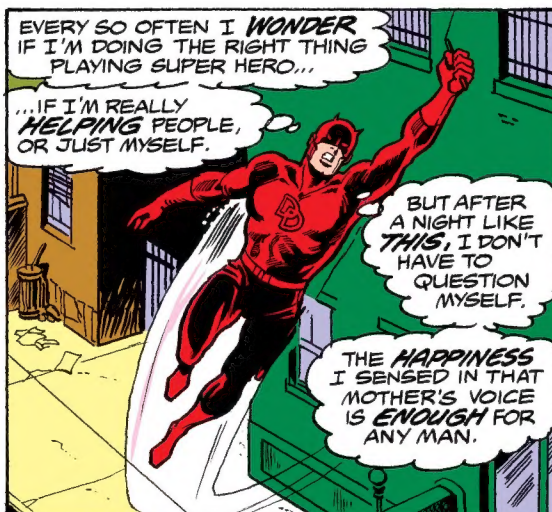
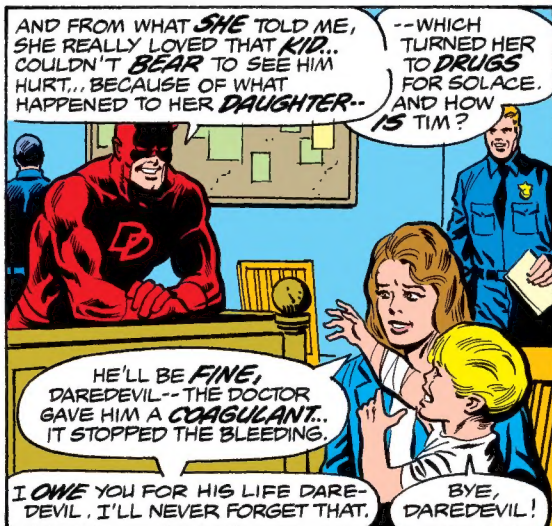
BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH BLAKE TOWER, AND SEE IF THE D.A.'S OFFICE HAS LEARNED ANYTHING.

IF NOT, I'VE GOT TO BACK TRACK, SEE IF I MISSED ANYTHING.









NEXT THIS IS IT! DAREDEVIL BREAKS LOOSE!